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A Memoir of Bernard Harrisson
1830

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A MEMOIR
OF
BARNARD HARRISSON,

LATE OF EARL'S COLNE, ESSEX,

Who died the 29th day of the 4th Month, 1829.

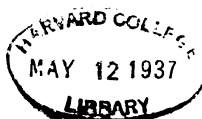
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PREFACE.

THE following short Memoir respecting BARNARD HARRISSON, was compiled principally from Letters written by himself at different periods, and was originally intended for the perusal of his near relations and friends.

It has since been read by others with much interest; and as it strikingly exhibits the progress of religion in the mind, it is thought best to give it a more extended circulation.

Great diffidence marked the character of this dear young friend, who possessed talents calculated to render him peculiarly useful in the sphere of life to which his attention had been directed; but it was otherwise ordered by Him who doeth all things well; and ere the subject of this brief narrative had reached his twenty-second year, he appears to have been prepared for an eternal inheritance.

Sweetly instructive and encouraging is the recital of the influence of Divine love upon his mind, by which he was enabled to take a very correct view of human happiness, in comparison with the joys of Heaven.

Perhaps it may not be deemed unsuitable just to advert to those subjects which seem to render this little work worthy the notice of Friends,

and particularly those in early life. Among these are his sentiments respecting literary pursuits—the advantage derived from silent waiting upon God—the insufficiency of terrestrial objects to satisfy the immortal soul—and the benefits arising from secret mental supplication.

A MEMOIR
OF
BARNARD HARRISSON.

BARNARD HARRISSON, the subject of the following memorandums, was born in London the 22nd of 10th month, 1807. His amiable disposition endeared him to his relatives and friends.. When about ten years of age, he was deprived by death of a valuable and affectionate mother, who was earnestly solicitous to imbue the minds of her children with simple but correct views of the nature of true religion; and whose anxiety in this respect there is good reason to believe has been blessed. His father, who was fully sensible of the value of useful learning, was careful to afford him the best opportunities for the cultivation of those natural talents with which

he was endued. For several years after he left school, he was eager in the pursuit of knowledge in its various departments; and being placed as an assistant in a School at Earl's Colne, his assiduity in qualifying himself for this office appears to have induced the habit of abridging those hours of repose which his delicate constitution required. Yet, amidst this ardour in the attainment of literature, it is evident that his mind was frequently susceptible of the powerful and attractive influences of Divine love; and as with advancing years he became more concerned to obey his Heavenly Father's will, manifested in the secret of his heart, it is instructive to observe that his affections were gradually weaned from many of those pursuits which had previously engaged his attention.

A few extracts from his letters will serve more fully to unfold his character.

On the 3rd of 1st mo. 1825, to a friend, on a review of the past year, he writes thus:—

“Tell me the result of thy review of the past year; for I conclude thou must have been induced to review it. I think almost every one, though perhaps with different views, must in remembrance

pass it over again; but peculiarly the Christian. For myself I have, this evening, in silence and abstractedness, in the chamber of my own heart, paused and pondered upon these things; and though I am sensible I have often, very often been turning the back, and not the face, yet I have unspeakable cause for thankfulness to the Father of all our mercies, that I have been enabled to make one straight step in the path to Zion, the city of the "saints' solemnities." Oh, how true, that we have here no continuing city! I feel increasingly sensible, that *all* our earthly pursuits, though they may afford us something like pleasure, are yet not *continuing*. Ah! I feel that if all the pleasures, the pursuits, the studies, I now engage in, were necessary to purchase the hidden treasure, the pearl of great price, I could sacrifice them all, though at present but few have been called for."

TO A SISTER.

3rd of 10th mo. 1825.

THOU speakest emphatically of deep and inward silence as particularly beneficial to the Christian.

B 5

Ah! he can do nothing without it. Mercifully, and much, much beyond my desert, I have been favoured to feel what it is, and how serviceable. The most instructive and delightful moments of my life have been at these favoured times of silence, after reading the Scriptures; though from the wanderings of the imagination, and from the difficulty of keeping out from the heart the intruding thoughts, comparable to "the money changers, and those that sold doves," these seasons are sometimes barren, yet at others they are unutterably delightful; aye, as the dew upon the dry grass, and food to the hungry man.

ON the 4th of 6th mo. 1826, after reading "A Memoir of Andrew Underhill," to a sister he expresses himself thus:—

"Let me thank thee for the little book thou so kindly presented, and proceed to answer the affectionate query accompanying it—'Am I pursuing the refinements of what is called polished society, with greater or less avidity?' Nay, it strikes home

to me; and though I feel but little liberty to write on these things, yet, I think I may acknowledge to thee, my dear sister, that these pleasures and these studies, though still pursued, have lost to me somewhat of their interest. Think not from this I have done any great things; no, far from it: though I have taken but one step, and I hardly dare say that I have done so much in the Christian path, yet I find it is much varied. Though we may be led by the side of the still waters, yet we must pass through the wilderness; and here it is that we are concerned to beg for the descending of that heavenly rain which we have known at former seasons, to soften and contrite the heart. Thus do I hope it is with me now, though the tempter would persuade me that these seasons of tendering visitation are gone for ever; and the absence of them inclines me to fear that such is my sorrowful case: yet there is a little hope beneath, that they will again be renewed, and I am willing to adopt the language,—

‘ In patience then possess thy soul,
Stand still ; for while the thunders roll,
Thy Saviour sees thee thro’ the gloom,
And will to thy assistance come.’ ”

The following extract evinces how earnestly desirous he was that nothing might impede the great work of sanctification.

6th mo 1826.

“ Oh! the sincere, fervent, frequent prayer of my heart has been, that every dispensation, whether of joy or grief, or if so permitted; of severe trial, and bitter anguish, might be administered to me, if so be that it might procure the redemption of the immortal soul. Oh! that ‘ His eye might not pity, nor his hand spare ’ till he had made me what he designed me to be—redeemed from the strong hold of sin and death, to live to his glory, rather than to the honour of the frail body.”

THE two succeeding were written in allusion to the decease of his father.

TO A FRIEND.

19th of 12th mo. 1826.

I found that I had learnt a very profitable lesson; not only that I had discovered afresh the unsatisfy-

ing nature of this fickle, this changeable world; but was led again to a serious consideration of the necessity of preparing for the next far happier one, and of making my "calling and election sure," and under this necessity to enter again into covenant; to seek for some better support amid all these painful changes and trials, to look unto that "Rock that is higher than I." Oh! I would count nothing too hard, no trial too severe, would it but arouse me from this lethargy of death; would it but loosen the mind and the affections altogether from the unworthy objects round which they are so closely twined, that I sometimes fear they can never be severed. Yes, the prayer of my sinful heart has been, "spare not;" appoint the most trying and painful dispensations, hold out the bitterest cup, and if they may be permitted to redeem the soul from the strong holds of sin and Satan, I will welcome them with joy. "I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord." This trial has been a bitter cup, yet if it may be as a cup of salvation, I will hail it as a sweet one. I see that it is a time of unspeakable importance to me, that it is the day of visitation, and of mercifully extended visitation; and I fear lest it close upon

me before the great, the glorious work of the soul's redemption be accomplished. The land has indeed been ploughed, the seed has been sown, and heavenly rain has been mercifully showered upon it; but where is the increase? where is the plant of high renown?

TO A SISTER.

20th of 12th mo. 1826.

THOUGH surrounded with every object exactly as formerly, yet the character of every thing seems altered. I did not think such a *cause* would produce such an *effect*. The most apt comparison I can make is, that of a picture placed in a *dim light*. Every pursuit that has been wont to yield joy or pleasure, certainly yields much less. I seem to take little or no interest, where lately I took so much. On the whole, I think we may learn a very useful and profitable lesson on the uncertainty of life—the unavoidable certainty of death—and the fickleness and unsatisfying nature

of all our enjoyments here. Oh, what a world it is! Who would not rejoice to fly away from it? Happy, happy beings, who have been permitted to pass the pearl-gates, and to reach the shores of that land, where the "lilies are not mingled with brambles, and the roses are without thorns." Envable condition! Oh, that I too were prepared, that I were able safely to adopt the language: "O! had I the wings of a dove; then would I flee away and be at rest."

22nd of 2nd mo. 1827.

IN reference to a letter previously received, he writes thus:—

"It did serve as some encouragement; it did help me to desire to have the weak hands strengthened, the feeble knees confirmed; it did incite to another review of what things were required. My faithfulness was proved; and *one* more sacrifice was made, perhaps a small one, but yet one that cost more than a little trial: and oh, what a sweet feeling was mine afterwards! Not that I can now

utter a language at all more joyous, than when I thus addressed thee last. No, I fear not. There are yet so many, many things that must be offensive in the divine sight; there is so very little of the old nature done away, that discouragements still abound.

“I know my dear sister has been anxious about some pursuits and studies I have indulged in; and let me tell her, they have once or twice come under examination; one or two have been relinquished as unprofitable, and others have been proceeded in, sometimes with little or no interest, and sometimes with disgust; yet, from a conviction of the propriety of being acquainted with those studies, that as far as the outward eye can observe, will be useful to me in life, I have proceeded, though I assure thee with none of the warmth they once received.”

TO A FRIEND.

6th of 4th mo. 1827.

I HAVE, I confess I have, seen something of the nothingness, the unsatisfying nature of some of

those things that were wont to be delectable to me, yet have not abandoned them. Do not therefore, my dear friend, think that I am one who has enlisted under the banner of the cross. *I would indeed that I were!* but I am not, I fear. Thou hast made Latin appear much less worthy of attention than I have been accustomed to think it, and that I believe from not having considered why it was so interesting. I have studied it merely because it was Latin, and not because I saw any advantage or any increase of happiness to be derived from it, save that I might have to teach it to others; I did not think it so little worth the price it costs.

I most fully unite with what thou sayest of the simplicity of religion, aptly compared to "a grain of mustard seed," [which is] so small as to appear unworthy of notice; yet, how does it soon begin to grow larger and larger, till it attain the size of a tree; and "the fowls of the air lodge in the branches of it." Ah! it is indeed small in its first appearances, and hard to be discerned.

TO A SISTER.

4th mo. 1827.

KNOWEST thou, my dear sister, the joys of the awakened soul from the lethargy of sin and death? the ecstatic feelings, the tendering influences of the love of God shed abroad in the heart? Thou knowest these; and thou knowest after these how cold the world is; how unsatisfying are all its charms and pleasures. Well, my beloved sister, and these ecstatic joys, these tendering influences, have unmeritedly indeed been mine, with occasional interruptions of dark nights and dreary winter seasons, for many months; and under these feelings I have often, very often, prostrate at the throne of grace and truth, poured out fervent petitions to be permitted to become one of the church militant on earth; yet of these petitions, when I have been enabled to put them up, the first and most fervent has been, that the divine will might realize those joys which I had tasted to be glorious indeed. I imagined a world of troubles and perplexities was before me; and oh! how earnestly,

how fervently have I desired that it might be to *me* no longer. Oh! how could I have rejoiced, when under these delightful feelings, to know the sun would rise on me no more.

2d of 10th mo. 1827.

To a sister he says: "With a hoping, fearing, and not altogether unjoyous heart, I sit down to answer thy letters. Of the first, I have only to say that a frequent offering of gratitude has been raised to the great Keeper of Israel, for the blessing it was permitted to bear with it—a blessing of greatly assisting in a successful resistance of a very cruel temptation, now, I humbly trust, through divine assistance, abandoned for ever.

.

 . . . I do not despond; through truly undeserved mercy I feel a little encouraged. In the quietude of retirement, exquisite feelings are at times permitted me, and prayer, feeble prayer, is

the nearly continual clothing of my mind—I should say, has been of late; for, a short time ago, I should have given a very different account.”

After filling for several years the station of assistant, (the friend in whose school he was being desirous of relinquishing it,) an arrangement was made, by which B. H. undertook the management of it: in the first place as a partner, and subsequently 'on his own account. His letters written about this time, prove that he deeply felt the responsibility of this engagement, and was earnest in imploring that strength which he well knew could not only preserve him from evil, but at the same time enable him rightly to fulfil his various duties.

TO A FRIEND.

30th of 12th mo. 1827.

'Twas no small disappointment to me to have so little of thy company select, and in quiet and

retirement, a pleasure I had much anticipated, but which I had no opportunity of realizing. I was not, however, insensible to the existence of an indescribably sweet and tender feeling between us, of that pure love which is the badge of discipleship; of that sympathy which, from a similarity of good desires, of like propensities to evil, and from a mutual acquaintance with the tendering influences of divine love, mercifully permitted to be shed forth in our hearts, bound us together with a close and intimate tie. Dear — was I wrong in supposing we felt all this for each other? nay, perhaps more than this. Have we not also felt earnest and fervent desires for each other's welfare, and for each other's progress in that path into which our feet have been happily turned? Have we not, when enabled to prostrate our spirits before the throne of grace and mercy, been engaged to pray for each other, possibly in all weakness and fear, and in so much poverty and humility, that we may have thought it almost impossible that it should rise as a sacrifice to that great and good Being, who is a God hearing and answering prayer.

On considering what prayer is, how can we de-

scribe the emotions of astonishment and gratitude, that He who made and upholds the worlds, and unto whom there is none to be compared in heaven and on earth; that He, who is "glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders," should so mercifully condescend as to permit his poor mean servant to ask him for all he is in want of, and to promise that He will hear and answer him.

4th of 1st mo. 1828.

THESE feelings, my dear friend, I have ventured to pen, not without fear that I am speaking of things too high for me; but there is something so grateful to the heart, or to such a heart as mine, in thus communing in free and unrestrained intercourse with a congenial mind, with a beloved brother, that there is some ground to fear its being led too much in its own ability, to write on such subjects as claim other strength than its own.

That we may both be preserved from this error, without straying to the other extreme, and restraining the current of love and solicitude for each other's every good, I do most earnestly desire. And now, respecting the step in life's journey I have

recently taken, which is not an unimportant one, thy kind sympathy and prayers, if permitted, are greatly needed; and the expression of thoughts, feelings, opinions, advice and caution, are demanded.

TO A FRIEND.

Written in the early part of 1828.

SINCERELY and earnestly do I desire our mutual, our united progress in that path into which our feet have been happily turned. Oh, how exceedingly lovely is the Christian character and life! Oh, how happily, how peacefully they live who have yielded obedience to the Divine will! How encouraging were *our* first invitations; how sweet the impressions, the tendering influences of that Good Spirit, that day-spring from on high, which I believe in mercy has dawned upon our hearts! I do not write this from feeling that *I* have known or done any great things. No, no. On the contrary, weakness abounding, temptations often yield-

ed to, and the power of resisting them apparently weakening, have brought me into that state, that, humbled as in the dust, the mind, under a feeling sense of its great weight and burden of sin, is made to prostrate itself in fearfulness yet fervour, in all lowliness, in weakness and poverty, and with that anxious ardour that nearly resembles despair, at the footstool of its merciful Saviour, in petition that He, who cares for the little sparrow that flits along the sky, in the boundless riches of his mercy will deign to look down upon our low estate, and in his own time, to grant us a little "help from his sanctuary, a little strength out of Zion." With a little of this assistance, how can we in humility proceed happily on our journey; and I doubt not thou art at the right times permitted to enjoy that communion in which this power is felt, and that enriching peace which sinketh deep into the heart.

TO A FRIEND.

21st of 4th mo. 1828.

To thy query, "Is it not so?" I would reply, that though little experienced, I do believe a state

of silent waiting [upon God] in a feeling of the great need of help, yet finding only a clearer sense of our utter incapacity, of ourselves, to "run the race set before us," without the acquisition of that strength we need desire and pray for, is attended with much advantage. Then we are brought to see the nothingness of self, and that our progress to Zion, the city of the "saints' solemnities," does not merely depend on our own unceasing exertions and perseverance; but we must throw ourselves on the mercy of our Divine Guide, without which, with all our good resolutions, with all our firmness, and with all our apparent progress, we are not a step the nearer. But on these subjects I should not say much—I feel that I should not. My present situation of mind is one of too much weakness, as well as of too much disobedience, to warrant much religious expression. Thou wilt readily suppose me at the present conjuncture sad, serious, and reflective. I confess freely that I am so; doubting, fearing, and a little hoping. Yet life's prospects I do not like at all; and whether right or wrong, wishes will sometimes arise, and very sincere ones, that I could see to the end.

TO A SISTER.

27th of 4th mo. 1828.

JUST now every thing to my view is marked with clear and legible characters of vanity, so that all those pursuits and feelings that have furnished pleasure, furnish none, and I have nothing left me but the duties of my station. These furnish *some* pleasure; but if they do not more, I shall soon feel that in that respect all things are not right.

TO A FRIEND.

23rd of 7th mo. 1828.

WHEN I received thy last, I know not what emotions I felt. So ignoble, so unworthy the occupation of an immortal and heaven-aspiring spirit, appear the cares and things of this world, that a sigh, if not a prayer, is often within me, to be freed from the shackles of time. I unite with thee in believing them salutary trials. We are apt sometimes

to form curious ideas. I accustomed myself to believe I should have nothing to do with the affairs of time: it now seems I was mistaken, and I find myself, alas! reluctantly drawn into *the eddy*. Thy reflections on the close of the year excited much good feeling. I trust thy account is a correct one, that, making due allowance for much retrograde motion, there has happily been some advance in the life of religion; that its cause is nearer and dearer to us. We have been, in mercy, enabled to see far into the secret places of our own hearts, and having found the necessity of an *atonement, of a Saviour*, to rescue us from the strong holds of sin, I trust we may say, "we are somewhat more firmly grounded on the immoveable rock;" and, "may we be favoured to grow up on this sure foundation," expresses my own wishes as accurately as it could thine.

It was in the summer of 1828, that B. H. first undertook the management of the school for himself. Although his prospects were encouraging, the lapse of a few months strikingly proved the un-

certainty of human arrangements, as well as the correctness of his previous feelings.

After the short period of two months, his exertions were interrupted by an attack of illness; and as he did not seem to regain his strength, his relations, though not apprehending more than temporary indisposition, thought it requisite to have further advice, and try the effect of a removal from the cares of his station. He in consequence accompanied a brother and sister to London, early in the 8th month, and after a lapse of five weeks, from thence to Croydon, where he remained till the 11th month.

This and every other endeavour to promote his recovery failed, and the disease, which now appeared to be consumption, continued gradually to undermine his constitution. As the winter approached, the air of Croydon being considered too keen, he was, at the suggestion of his physician, removed by his brother and sister to Stoke Newington, where he continued with them till his close.

Throughout his illness, although he expressed very little of a religious nature, until within a few weeks of his decease, his quietude and resignation were remarkable.

On the 10th of 3rd month, 1829, feeling himself

materially worse, he was removed earlier than usual from the sofa to his bed, and apprehending his end was near, he called his sister, who was sitting with him, and said to her: "I wish to tell thee I have such joyous feelings—I feel so happy!" She remarked: how comforted she felt in hearing him say so; but if he had not expressed it, she could not have doubted that it was his experience. He replied: "I did not feel thus when I was on the sofa; but I prayed to an Almighty God for this assurance, and my feeble prayer was immediately answered. I did not expect to feel thus—I have such a flow of joyous feelings. I was afraid I should go quietly, without saying any thing to the glory of an Almighty God; but I now feel I must spend my strength in praising him. About six months ago I was comforted with the assurance that I should be enabled to adopt the language of the apostle, *the great apostle Paul*; 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, (I have nearly finished mine,) I have kept the faith; (Oh! I have kept the faith;) henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of glory, eternal in the heavens, which the Lord the righteous judge shall give me at that day, and not to me only, but unto all them also who love his appearing.'"

It is of late years that I have felt more the necessity of the atonement of a Redeemer. Poor, fallen man, has nothing to plume himself with, not one feather. What if he trust to his works? And even if he has good feelings, whence has he them?—they are all from God. I have felt the mercies of an Almighty God: I have been disobedient, but his mercies have been great unto me at *every period of my life*. I remember what ————— told me, (alluding to a visit paid him two months previous,) that I should be enabled to praise Him more than I could then ask. I thought I should have passed away without saying any thing; but, praised be God, He has given me strength in weakness. What a mercy!”

He then lay still some time, and on being enquired of if he felt exhausted, said: “No, not at all. I feel it now no difficulty to speak.” And enquiring if his voice were not stronger, added, “It will be stronger in heaven. I hope you will not mourn for me. Oh, that you were all going with me!” Afterwards adding: “with such feelings, welcome death!”

Supposing his release to be near, a brother and sister were sent for, and on their arrival he said:

“ You should have been here before : I do not know that I have strength to tell you what have been my feelings ; but dear S—— will give you some idea of them.”

After a little, he remarked : “ You have not come to a house of mourning, but a house of joy. I do not know that I have any thing more to say than what I have already said :” and expressing again how indescribably joyous his feelings had been, he repeated to them the before-mentioned experience of the apostle, emphatically telling them, that “ the crown was not laid up for the apostle Paul only, but for all good and just men since his time ; *and for me* ; oh, what a mercy ! I have been very quiet during my illness, and have said but very little on religious subjects—perhaps that is best—but I have had to fight ; and through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, my Redeemer, it has proved a good fight, And we must all fight a fight, if we get to the kingdom of heaven. As we come to experience this fight, we shall find a great change produced ; we shall become new creatures, and shall know the new birth—a being born again, as our blessed Saviour told Nicodemus : and thus we shall come to have an interest in the Redeemer ; and we must all

have an interest in Him, if we are eternally happy. If you have not, there is no time to be lost; the tenure of life is very uncertain, as my case proves. Look and see that your interest in Him is secured."

He dwelt much on the wonderful mercy extended to him in thus enabling him to testify to the praise of his Lord God and Redeemer. Towards morning his breathing became easier, and he continued very quiet during the following day, his countenance evincing the sweet serenity of his mind.

At night the conflict returned: an attack of spasm occasioned his feeling again nearly exhausted. He remarked: "I have passed a sweet, peaceful day. I have been very mercifully dealt with: all are not dealt with as I have been. The visitations of the Lord to me have been very powerful, and have occasioned such joyous, such rapturous feelings, that this world has appeared a rugged wilderness; and I have desired, as soon as consistent with the Divine will, that I might be taken out of it."

After a pause, he said: "I have thought much of the 23rd Psalm," repeating,

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
He leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness, for His name's sake.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art
with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence
of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with
oil; my cup runneth over.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of
the Lord for ever."

Adding, "I have always thought it a beautiful
psalm, and now I feel it is all applicable to me."

He now supposed his tarriance on earth was
nearly at a close, and struggling with oppressive
breathing, he remarked, with earnestness, "this
looks like suffering, but it is nothing, because of the
hope that is set before me." Soon after he sup-
plicated: "Oh, gracious Father! grant, if it be thy
will, that this event may be blessed to my dear re-
latives and friends, and be pleased to support them
under it."

14th of 3d mo. To an aunt who arrived this day, he said: "I am waiting my Lord's arrival, with the account of my stewardship in my hands, which I shall be able to give up with joy, I trust."

Contrary to his expectations he lingered several weeks, during which time, although he suffered much from increasing weakness, he several times said he was favoured to feel very quiet.

On ~~the~~ 6th day ~~of~~ the 24th of 4th mo. he again appeared worse; and on his sister's entering the room, he said: "Join with me in desiring and praying that this may be the time of my rest, dear sister." After which he supplicated: "Oh, gracious Father, what should keep me from thy sacred presence? Let me behold thy glorious countenance! Be pleased to hear the supplication of thy humble servant, and grant the spirit a release; for thou hast prepared it for one of thy mansions. Oh, grant it an inheritance! This life is worthless: Thou art eternally worthy of praise. 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints.' Thou hast been with thy servant, thou hast preserved and blessed him; thou hast given him an interest in the blood of thy precious Son. I have

praised and glorified thy holy name, as thou hast given me ability here; and now, delay not, O Lord, to release the spirit, that it may join the ever-blessed company in praising thee with joy ineffable."

After a little pause he added: "Oh, the prospect is joyous! Oh, for my harp to praise thee with! Oh, the crown which thou hast promised me, let me wear it now in the joys of thy presence!"

On the morning of the 28th, the serene expression of his countenance being noticed, he said: "I have no cause to look otherwise than serene; there are joys in store for me; the prospect is as bright as ever; the mansion is ready, and I shall soon have an inheritance, I trust."

About half-past ten o'clock in the evening he desired to take leave of his brother and sister, who were with him, saying: "I feel much weaker, and sight is beginning to fail, so that I thought I might pass away perhaps as I am sleeping; if so, it will be a mercy! I thought I should like to bid you farewell. If I were to begin to thank you for your kindness, I could not say enough, but I hope a blessing will attend you. My hope is still the same;

sure and stedfast, because fixed on Christ Jesus the immutable Rock of Ages. May Almighty God bless you *all*. Farewell!"

He passed the night quietly, but his breathing became shorter as day approached; and between the hours of five and six in the morning, of the 29th of 4th mo. 1829, a few minutes after repeating that his hopes were unshaken, his happy spirit was released from all further conflict with the trials of time.

THE END.

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